

TRAIL *and* TIMBERLINE



THE COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF

THE COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE COLORADO MOUNTAIN CLUB

WE ARE ORGANIZED: "TO UNITE THE ENERGY, INTEREST AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE STUDENTS, EXPLORERS AND LOVERS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO; TO COLLECT AND DISSEMINATE INFORMATION REGARDING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN BEHALF OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ART AND RECREATION; TO STIMULATE PUBLIC INTEREST IN OUR MOUNTAIN AREA; TO ENCOURAGE THE PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, FLOWERS, FAUNA AND NATURAL SCENERY; AND TO RENDER READILY ACCESSIBLE ALPINE ATTRACTIONS OF THIS REGION."

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THE DENVER CLUBROOMS ARE OPEN
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That fellow peering at you from this month's cover is a cony. Does he look like someone you would like to know better? See the article on page 186. The Denver Museum of Natural History furnished the photograph taken by Robert J. Niedrach and Alfred M. Bailey.

No doubt you have a friend who would enjoy CMC and benefit by association with kindred spirits. Why not surprise him with a gift membership for Christmas, as a birthday remembrance, or for no special reason at all. Such a membership provides, in addition to the receipt of **T&T**, the opportunity to meet and fraternize with a grand group of people, who are noted for their friendliness and helpfulness.

Give a gift membership now—the start of a new year for CMC membership and **T&T**. Telephone Florida 5-3666, and secretary Anne Byrd Kennon will be glad to provide full details.

The Denver Council, at its October meeting, established a Leadership Development Committee to direct training of leaders. Under the chairmanship of Elwyn Arps, the committee will recognize and commend excellence and search out and criticize errors in order to develop and provide the best leaders possible for each trip. The Council regards the leading of a CMC trip as a recognition of accomplishment and in no sense an obligation or duty.

The committee will meet once a month to examine recent trip reports and comments of participants; will work out material to help potential leaders qualify; and will keep records to aid in selecting future leaders.

Members of the Leadership Development Committee are Edith Bryan, Wally Drew, Bill Ferguson, Lee Klayder and Elsa Rockelein.

YELLOWSTONE
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PHOTO BY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

Yellowstone Park's Morning Geyser played almost continuously for the first two weeks following the 1959 earthquake. Previously it had erupted about twice a week.

IMPACT OF THE 1959 HEBGEN LAKE EARTHQUAKE ON YELLOWSTONE'S HOT SPRINGS

George D. Marler*

Perhaps the most feared of earth's phenomena are earthquakes. This in part is due to their occasional great destructiveness, but also results from the suddenness with which they strike. It is this suddenness, or unexpectedness, that is one of their most salient characteristics. So it was with the 1959 Hebgen Lake Earthquake. Stresses that had been slowly building up along a break or breaks in the rocks of the region suddenly snapped, producing prodigious vibrant energy. These energy vibrations were felt over an area of 550,000 square miles. Readings taken at Pasadena showed an intensity of 7.1, classing the

1959 Hebgen Lake tremor as a major earthquake.

The epicenter for this earthquake was just west of Yellowstone National Park. It was in this area that the greatest concussions and destruction, including the Madison Slide, took place. Cliff faces were suddenly sheared, sending slides and cascading boulders into canyons. Avalanching occurred, not only near the Hebgen Lake area, but in directions extending over great radii. Great rifts in and displacements of surface structures suddenly appeared. Fortunately for Yellowstone visitors, the tons of rock that hurtled onto and over Park roads took place at nearly midnight and not at 11:37 a.m., when bumper to bumper travel is common.

*Park Naturalist, National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.

To the thousands of visitors in Yellowstone Park on the night of August 17, 1959, the earthquake resulted in a state of intense excitement. Scores of times was the question repeated: "How can I get out of here?" No panic resulted despite the fact that all roads in the western sections of the Park had been blocked by rockslides. With at least an outward show of calm, all awaited the light of day to get their bearings, and learn when and where safe egress from the Park would be possible.

Early Check of Thermal Springs

While rock avalanching had blocked many road sections in Yellowstone Park, and much damage had resulted to roads and a few buildings, the most significant effects of the earthquake were changes in hot-spring behavior. The springs situated in the western part of the Park were particularly affected. It is in this part of Yellowstone where the great majority of the more famous geysers and springs are located.


After experiencing the severe jarrings of the initial tremor, which to the writer seemed to partake of the nature of whipping or rapid vibrations, he became apprehensive of resulting undesirable effects upon the geysers. Had

complicated mechanisms and delicate balances that Nature had laboriously perfected over the centuries been adversely altered? Had Old Faithful weathered the cataclysm? Due to darkness, no effort was made to determine changes until daylight the following morning.

Early reconnaissance in the geyser basins along the Firehole River revealed that, instead of adversely disrupted geyser behavior there was a noticeable increase in thermal energy. Geysers which had been dormant during all of the relatively long period the writer had been in the basins were erupting. Many cyclic geysers, which were in a dormant cycle at the time of the quake, had been stimulated into active phases.

In addition to a general increase in activity of geysers with predictable patterns of play, other unexpected results of the big shock were: (1) the general murkiness of most springs; (2) their ebbed condition; and (3) the compelling evidence that scores of springs with no record of previous functioning had erupted immediately following the initial jarring. There is little doubt that the earthquake acted as a trigger to start eruption of hundreds of thermal springs, creating a scene without precedent in Yellowstone Park. Hydrologic conditions all at once became such that underground water in the thermal areas, like stirred ants, shot into the air through every possible escape avenue. It was as if a giant had suddenly applied pressure to underground hot-springs structures, forcing water from their conduits in a manner comparable to the squeezing of a sponge.

For a proper perspective of the scope and degree of earthquake effects upon the thermal springs, some of the findings of the initial surveys will be presented. When it became evident that the status quo had been almost completely disrupted, I visited most of the springs along the Firehole River. My object was to determine the state of the water in springs, and particular observation was directed toward evidence of eruptive activity.



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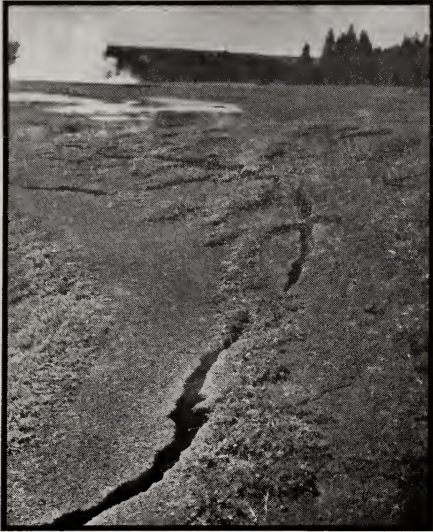


PHOTO BY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE,
YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

If you put all the earthquake fissures in the Firehole Lake area alone into one straight line, the crack would extend two miles.

The results of the findings are as follows:

(1) There were pertinent data to the effect that before daylight of the 18th, 298 springs and geysers had erupted.

(2) Of this number 160 eruptions were of springs with no record extant of ever having played. Some of these previously obscure springs had erupted very powerfully. Large pieces of fragmental sinter were strewn for a distance about their craters. That night 160 new geysers were added to the Firehole Geyser Basins' repertoire of erupting fountains.

(3) The beautifully colored limpid water of hundreds of springs had changed as if by magic to hues ranging from light grey to muddy. The author counted 500 murky springs. After the first few days, most began to clear. Months later a few are still turbid. Some of the geysers ejected muddy water.

(4) The water table was considerably lowered, this no doubt being due to the tremendous discharge following the quake. On the morning of the 18th, the



PHOTO BY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE,
YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

The earthquake changed Sapphire Pool from a minor geyser with a 12-foot maximum eruption into one of Yellowstone's highest and most spectacular geysers.

water had ebbed from a few inches to several feet in 363 springs. There was a noticeable increase in activity in 333 others. Only 57 seemed to be normal, but most of these underwent alteration in function during the weeks and months following the August 17 incident.

Emergency Study

Following the earthquake, money was made available for making an inventory of thermal springs throughout the Park so that changes resulting from the earthquake could be determined, photographed and tabulated. This project was designated as the Emergency Interpretive Study of Earthquake Phenomena, Yellowstone National Park. It was under the direction of Chief Park Naturalist Robert N. McIntyre.

Many interesting facts were brought to light, and many observations confirmed. Temperatures of the hot springs, when compared with those taken before the earthquake, showed an average increase of 5.5° F. Had records been available for all thermal units, it is certain that the temperature increase

would be higher. Scores of new fumaroles would further augment the figure. Discharge measurements of numerous springs showed an average increase of about 10 per cent.

Marked Changes

The most significant changes in hot springs behavior during the first few days were in the Lower Geyser Basin. In this area, a greater proportion of the springs had ebbed and had become murky. In the Fountain Group, major geysers Morning, Fountain and Clepsydra, were playing in concert. Concerted activity was without precedent.

It was determined by direct observation that the above geysers were triggered into activity by the first big shock. Familiarity with the progressive changes during and following most geyser functioning confirmed the speculation that the great majority, as they did in the Fountain Group, began erupting nearly simultaneously, and as a result of the initial jarrings.

Most of the big geysers, such as Daisy, Castle, Riverside, Oblong, Great Fountain, etc., whose eruptions were sufficiently regular so as to permit estimates of eruption time, were playing on much shorter intervals. The same was true of many of the smaller geysers. Several new geysers, some of them large, were erupting with a degree of regularity. At least one minor geyser, Sapphire, developed into one of the largest and most spectacular geysers in the Park. There is no diminution in its new pattern of activity.

While most of the geysers were stimulated to greater activity by the earthquake, a few, the Grand in particular, were made dormant. The Grand had been erupting about every eight to ten hours. It was six months following the quake before it played again. Since February its eruptions have been very irregular and widely spaced.

During the first few days, Old Faithful appeared to have come through the quake unscathed. However, by September there was a gradual increase in the average length of its intervals, which by January amounted to six minutes. Since January its average time has remained somewhat stabilized.

New Hot Ground

One of the interesting effects of the earthquake that was not observed for several months was the development of new hot ground. These new hot spots were made evident by groups of dead or dying lodgepole pines. In the majority of these dead-tree groups there is no evidence of surface fracturing. Many breaks permitting the evolution of gases apparently did not reach the surface. In a few of the new hot spots, there is evidence of continuous development, suggestive that new thermal units will yet evolve. Temperatures taken in late 1960 a foot below the surface, at the roots of many dead trees, show a temperature range of 64 to 204 degrees Fahrenheit.

Changes Persisting

One of the interesting aspects relating to the changes induced by the earthquake is that most of these changes are persisting. It is now over a year since the August 1959 incident, but in the majority of cases the springs have not returned to pre-quake status. Not only as a result of new surface fracturing, permitting new avenues of escape of the thermal energy, but deep-seated fracturing has also so altered



PHOTO BY THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE,
YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

The Hebgen Lake earthquake jarred into eruption this geyser in the Lower Geyser Basin, Earthquake Geyser.

the former avenues of steam egress that there is little or no likelihood that conditions in the geyser basins will ever be the same as before the big tremor. It can safely be said that a greater amount of change took place in the Firehole Geyser Basins during the night of August 17, 1959, than during all of the 90 years since their discovery.

Earthquakes in the Future

The Hebgen Lake earthquake is not an isolated incident. Since Yellowstone became a National Park in 1872, a number of earthquakes have been recorded. Many of these quakes have had their epicenters in the rhyolite mass forming the central plateau. Seismic records indicate that on an average of about once in every 10 years a strong earthquake is registered in the states adjoining Yellowstone. The last major earthquake along the Hebgen Lake fault system previous to August 17, 1959, was November 23, 1947. However, no historic one has been of sufficient intensity to produce attributable hydrothermal changes.

While man has no record of an earthquake in Yellowstone Park that is at all comparable to the one in 1959, not so with Nature. Now that gigantic boulders are seen to have been broken from stony escarpments and cascaded into canyons, weathered rocks of similar size and shape are noted lying beside them, and at even greater distances from the cliffs. Evidence seems

compelling that these lichen-covered boulders were brought down by earthquakes whose scale was equal to or greater than the 1959 one.

Not only have big earthquake-caused rockslides occurred in Yellowstone Park during earlier periods, but the hot springs have also been subjected to major alterations. Many of the old fractures in the geysers, through which some of the hot springs issue, were in all probability caused by an earthquake. There is substantial evidence that Old Faithful Geyser owes its origin to an earthquake. The large crack which crosses the mound from which Old Faithful issues gives strong evidence to this surmise. Highly silicified tree sections are exposed in many places on the mound, indicating it was built by some earlier hot springs which became extinct. Radiocarbon dating of the entombed tree sections suggests that the force that split open the mound occurred from 500 to 700 years ago.

The records etched in the rock of Yellowstone Park seem to offer indubitable evidence that major earthquakes will occur again in Yellowstone Park.

Earthquakes have ever been an accompaniment of active changing rock formations such as are found in the Yellowstone country and many places over the earth. However, the pent up forces in the Hebgen fault system that were suddenly released in August 1959 should be at rest for some time.

NOT A THREE-SANDWICH MOUNTAIN

Virginia E. Nolan

With visibility almost at zero, nothing seemed real up there at 11,666 feet, the Lower Saddle of Grand Teton. We might as well have been standing on the plains of Kansas instead of a short distance from the famous black dyke of the Grand. To the west, we knew, the rocks dropped off sharply into the neat, patterned farm lands of Idaho. To the east, we remembered Taggart Lake and Bradley Lake a few thousand feet below. On either side of us were the Middle and Grand Tetons. This we recalled, because less than 24 hours before we had arrived at the Lower

Saddle ahead of the storm. But it had broken in all its fury, and we had lost all sense of reality and time.

For three weeks there had been no rain. Phil Trumbo from Denver; George Rosenfeld from Glendive, Montana; Joe Merhar from Pueblo; and I had left the Jenny Lake campground Sunday morning, August 14. We had met numerous climbers who were descending, and the Lower Saddle was deserted when we arrived at 6 o'clock Sunday evening.

We found a cave just off the Saddle on the west side. It protected us from the wind, but the sun had never warmed

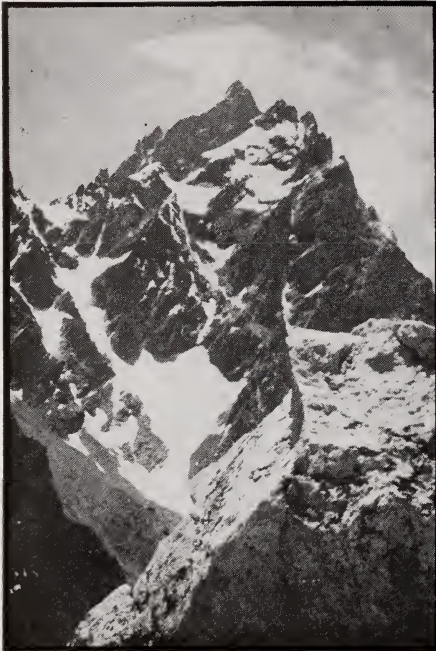


PHOTO BY MYRON DUNN

its interior. It was cold, damp, dark. Its rawness permeated our very being. An assortment of canvas covered the top. When the storm broke, the wind increased its velocity and tore at the improvised roof like a million banshees. We found out only too soon that the canvas leaked like a sieve, and there was a reason for the numerous cans lined up near the entrance. It was almost impossible to stop all the leaks in spite of the combined efforts of the party. We would place a can to catch

the drip; then the wind would blow the canvas at a different angle and the rain water that had accumulated on the outside would cascade down into the cave in a different spot.

The shelter was meant to accommodate about two people comfortably and perhaps a stray marmot. There were four of us, plus four packs, and the stray marmot. With the roof leaking all over the place and the wind blowing icy cold, we crawled into sleeping bags—it seemed the only way to keep warm. But we were so crowded it was impossible to stretch in spite of muscles which cried aloud to be exercised after that tedious climb of 5,000 feet from Jenny Lake.

It was not the most restful night. The wind would blow like a hurricane; then there would be a slight pause, and we would breathe easier, thankful the roof had held for one more squall; then the wind would start up again, even more furiously than before.

Sometime next morning we each ate a sandwich. We had packed in with the idea of climbing Monday and being back down to the camp by Monday night. Now it looked as though we might be spending the winter at the Lower Saddle. Most of Monday we stayed in sleeping bags—mainly to keep warm, secondly because there was nothing to do if we did get up. Everyone contributed to the conversation with climbing and skiing stories. Time meant nothing; food took on a new aspect. We ate when we thought we could afford another sandwich.

Monday afternoon Middle Teton

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showed through the fog, and even Grand became dimly outlined. But below, the fog and clouds were thick. From the east, they rolled up the valley—across the glacier and on up to the Saddle itself, almost shooting up into the sky. The wind still blew. Someone suggested our climbing Middle that afternoon—just to warm up. No enthusiasm, so back to the sleeping bags again.

Shortly after it got dark, we were aware of something new happening. It wasn't raining—it was snowing! The wind handled the snow differently than it did the rain, and we were pelted by the snow blowing through the entrance and over the sleeping bags. Another long night.

About 6:30 Tuesday morning, George, brave soul that he is, ventured to crawl out of the sleeping bag and get into his cold, stiff boots. He stood at the cave entrance and gave us a graphic description of what was happening. His words were vivid enough, but we decided to see for ourselves. Snow was piled up at the entrance to the cave, and at least four inches of snow covered everything. Middle was in fog. In fact, everything surrounding us was in fog. It was then that we decided we had better pack on down—the Grand would not be climbed for at least a few days after the sun did shine. Furthermore, our food supply was down to nothing.

We dressed as warmly as we could. It was still bitterly cold—cold enough to freeze one of the cameras and to crack heavy plastic. We took off, crossing the rocks as gingerly as possible. Near the wall, the rocks were iced. Phil, who was leading, found the piton and fixed rope, all of which was covered with ice. We fastened one of our ropes and rappelled down the wall. Just above the Platforms, the snow started to diminish somewhat. But the fog was still pushing in from the east, rolling up the valley, enveloping everything as it went and leaving us shivering with its dampness. We came on down the trail as fast as we could move with heavy packs. Colter Bay and its hot showers called. Connie (George's wife), bless her heart, was waiting at the parking lot with the car. She had

SEASON'S GREETINGS

To our readers
From the T&T Staff

waited all afternoon and the evening before, and had come back early that morning. Shortly after we arrived at the parking lot, it started to rain, but by that time, nothing bothered us.

It rained and rained and rained. George and Phil had to leave the next day—with the Grand unclimbed. That was rather disappointing, as they would certainly have added to a party on the Grand. Sitting around in a warm tent that night, we concluded that the Grand was certainly more than a three-sandwich mountain. But three-sandwich mountain or not—it was certainly—GRAND.

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LITTLE CHIEF HARE

Conies, conies squeaking everywhere, and not a single one to see. My frustration mounts every time I cross a rock field above timberline. The cony, best ventriloquist in the Rockies, seems to protest from everywhere at once. When disturbed by hikers, he scampers to the top of a rock to bleat his alarm; having ascertained the source of his worry, he scrambles down below. Usually the interloper has heard but not seen him.

The cony, or pika, a small animal six to eight inches long, resembles a guinea pig. In *Mammals of North America*, Victor Cahalane calls him "Little Chief Hare," and although closely related to the rabbit family, he lacks their long ears. He lives in rock piles, from 8,000 feet to 13,000 feet, and eats only plants.

The cony passes a unique winter. He neither hibernates like the marmot nor migrates to lower elevations like the deer and elk. Instead he lives in the same rockslides—underneath the snow!

All summer the cony prepares for the long winter. Examine a cony-infested

rockslide in summer. Lying among the rocks in exposed, sunny spots you can find piles of dried herbs and grasses. These constitute the cony's "hay piles." He prefers grasses, sedges, and the tender herbs and flowers, as well as shrubs like currant, gooseberry, raspberry, rose and blueberry. He clips these plants, lays them in stacks and utilizes the food through the winter.

The cony is adapted to the cold climate of the high places. He cannot stand temperatures over 90°, and in summer takes a midday nap to avoid the hottest part of the day. When he awakes from his nap, he first washes his face cat-fashion and then continues the summertime chore of hay-gathering in his officious way.

He has few natural enemies. No snakes live at high altitudes, and hawks and eagles usually cannot move rapidly enough to catch the fast-moving cony. Marten and weasels can chase conies in the rocks, however. More dominant limiting factors to the cony population come from other directions. Parasites such as fleas and tapeworms prey upon him. Another factor is the amount of food which the animal can reach from the rockslides.

Mammalogists seem to know very little about this animal, particularly its winter habits. Warren, in *Mammals of Colorado*, states, "the high altitudes in our snowy places are not safe places to be investigating the life history of an animal in winter, when a snowslide is liable to come along and put an end to the investigating and . . . the investigator as well."

The highest record of a cony seems to be on Wheeler Peak in New Mexico, at 13,600 feet. It would seem possible that in Colorado he could be found at even higher elevations. Perhaps CMC climbers can contribute a small part to the life history study of the cony by noting the highest and lowest elevations at which they observe "Little Chief Hare." So, during your hikes next summer, listen for the telltale squeak of the cony.

H.E.K.

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MUSINGS ON A SNOWMASS OUTING

William L. Myatt

Frail, beloved Robert Louis Stevenson once said that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." Too few of us, perhaps, as we journey through life, are conscious of the inspiring and beautiful by the wayside. As I look back, I'm sure I didn't fully appreciate the grandeur of the trail from Kate Lindvig's ranch to Snowmass Lake at the time of the 1928 outing; the dainty ouzels darting noiselessly through the spray at the edge of Snowmass Creek, now and then a trout leaping in a graceful curve from a pool, the stately fir and spreading spruce, and occasionally a grove of shimmering aspen, their pale green leaves quaking in the sunshine.

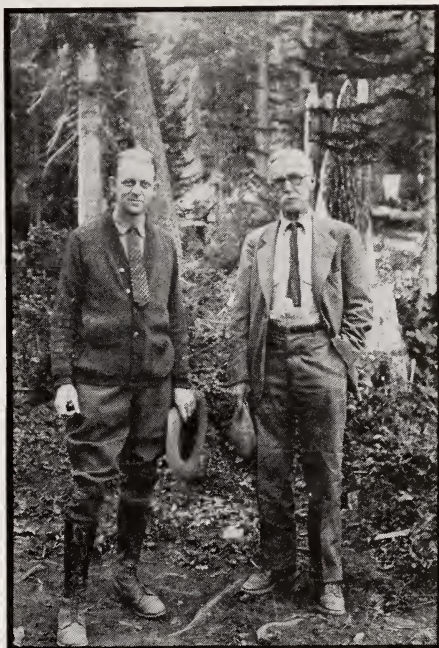
Then, at last, awe-inspiring Snowmass Lake burst into view, serene and calm, with that trinity of solid granite, Hagerman, as a backdrop. There we were, in an environment of harmony and tranquility, and I was reminded of these lines:

"The beauty that thrills me with wonder

And the stillness that fills me with peace."

Among the 68 participants of the outing was William H. Jackson, the eminent artist and photographer, who as official photographer with the Hayden Survey first saw Snowmass Lake in 1873. He had visited Denver several times and in 1879 opened a photographic studio on Larimer Street.

In 1901, visiting in Denver, he was commissioned by the late C. A. Kendrick of Kendrick-Bellamy Co., to photograph some cattle ranches in Texas. What was more natural, while in Denver 27 years later, than to accept an invitation from L. R. (Jack) Kendrick, son of Mr. C. A. Kendrick and past president of CMC, to join us at Snowmass Lake? He was then 85 years young and started up the trail on foot from the Lindvig Ranch, scorning the use of a horse or mule. In his autobiography, *Time Exposure* (G. P. Putnam Sons, N.Y.), he says, "Until I was 94, the summer I cracked my vertebrae, I rode a horse regularly"—



Jack Kendrick (left) and William H. Jackson posed for this photograph by Harry Standley. Photo from the 1928 Outing scrapbook.

but he didn't intend to ride a horse that day.

The anecdote would end more happily if I could say he reached camp on foot ahead, or at least with, the others. But the trail was a little steep, at times slowing his pace though not his ardor, and he didn't arrive until after sunset, astride a horse which Jack, not without considerable difficulty, induced him to mount. It was quite dark when they reached camp, so he was spared the ignominy of being seen riding rather than walking into camp. He saved face through the cooperation of Jack and the cover of darkness.

He was a fine outdoorsman, an asset to the club and a delight at the campfire, adding immeasurably to the joys of that outing. He humorously related some of the trials and tribulations of the early day mountain photographer, when wet plates were used, antedating

dry plates and films. His equipment was usually packed along on a mule and included plates, camera, tripod and portable dark room, with necessary chemicals, to facilitate rapid development. Of course the wet plates had to be prepared on the spot before an exposure could be made. Mr. Jackson's 40,000 precious glass negatives were taken over by Edsel Ford for Ford's Dearborn Museum and are known as the W. H. Jackson Historical Collection.

He took many snaps in and around camp with a modern camera, and several of his prints appear in the 1928 outing album.

Every Snowmass Outing is memorable. Snowmass Lake's stunning beauty and Mr. Jackson's presence made **this** one memorable.

BOOK REVIEW

HIKING, CAMPING, AND MOUNTAINEERING EQUIPMENT, 10th Edition. Washington, D.C., Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, 1960, 60 pp., 50¢.

To quote from the introduction, "The Tenth Edition of this publication continues the efforts of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club to make available a selection of lightweight backpacking and trail-clearing equipment. Since 1931, when the first edition was published, the various editions have presented a current descriptive listing of items from the catalogs of numerous manufacturers and from the shelves of many dealers."

Items are listed by category, briefly described, and the weight, price and sources given. For example, 22 types of sleeping bags are listed, 21 types of rucksacks and packframes, and 16 tents. This listing enables the reader to easily determine what items are currently available, from whom, and to compare prices and specifications. Nearly 200 separate items are listed.

The introduction by Art Lambeck gives a valuable review of current trends in mountaineering and hiking equipment and offers specific comments on the advantages and disadvantages of many of the items listed.

The pamphlet is available from the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, 1916 Sunderland Place, N. W., Washington 6, D.C.

—Jack Reed

LETTERS

IMPROVE DENVER CLASSIFICATIONS

Morganton, North Carolina

The Editor

October 12, 1960

Trail and Timberline
1400 Josephine Street
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sir:

I read with great interest the recent account of the new classification system adopted by the Denver Group.¹ There is little doubt that this system is a great advance in scientific mountaineering. Other sports have been quick to apply the magic of statistics—we are all familiar with batting averages, fielding averages, runs batted in, yards gained running, yards gained passing, etc.—and it is regrettable that mountaineers, as a group, have been lax in this respect.

My only criticism of the recently adopted system is that, while the idea is excellent, it has not been carried to its logical conclusion.

It would seem that by the use of modern data processing techniques the entire sport of mountaineering could be simplified and reduced to a truly scientific endeavor. For example, could not each climber's qualifications be coded on a punched card? The difficulties and hazards of each scheduled climb could then be catalogued on a separate set of cards. When a specific climb is scheduled it is then only necessary for a small party to visit the area and report on local weather and snow conditions during the scheduled time of the climb. This information, plus the card describing the route and the qualification cards for those registered for the trip, could be fed into a data processing machine (which I'm sure could be easily designed), and the day following the trip the registrants could be notified by postcard as to whether or not they would have made the summit if they had attended the trip. (Naturally, using this improved system, nobody would have to actually **go** on the climb!) This should be particularly popular among those members of the club who are interested in climbing all

¹T&T, Sept. 1960, p. 127.

the fourteens, for they could complete several climbs in one day.

In the event of accident, the safety chairman would immediately be notified and the victim would be summarily dropped from the club rolls.

I certainly hope that the Denver Group Council will give these suggestions all the consideration they deserve.

Sincerely,
H. H. Gundliefinger

LIFE IN MCKINLEY PARK

We heard from ex-Junior Dick Stenmark a few months ago. Dick was married a year ago, and he and his wife, Blythe, live in Alaska, where he is a ranger in Mount McKinley National Park. He spent the summer at Wonder Lake, the second largest ranger district in the National Park system.

"The Park Headquarters site, at 2,000 feet and in a 'rain shadow,' seldom has more than two or three feet of snow on the ground any winter. Most of what falls actually stays, though. Last winter was fairly mild, the lowest temperature in January being 38 degrees below zero.

"The only way out of here in the winter is via the bi-weekly railroad, or in an emergency, by chartered airplane. But the railroad trip to Fairbanks or Anchorage is enough to make you think twice about going out. We keep busy here in the winter, and life is never boring; but the summers are the best.

"The skiing is practically nil in Headquarters area—the snowfall is too little and too light (dry). Usually you sink right to the ground, though the higher elevations get more snow. Next winter I hope we can go to Girdwood a couple of times. Girdwood is south of Anchorage on the Kenai Peninsula, receives gobs of snow, has good mountains and a lift. I think this will be the Alaskan area for some time.

"I will remain at Wonder Lake until the passes start to clog with snow at the end of September. There is a wonderful view of Mount McKinley from the ranger station, and the mountain rises 17,000 feet above the lowlands at its base. Alaska is an immense place and quite beautiful. There are mountains that will never be used.

The wildlife is relatively abundant. It's exciting to see the caribou migration through the Park in early July, when 8,000 to 10,000 animals are on the move. There are about 2,000 Dall sheep in the Park, and moose and grizzly bear are common. There are some seldom-seen wolves here also. Moose feed in a nearby pond nearly every day, where waterfowl and shorebirds made their nests. The mosquitoes can be pretty bad in June, so you always carry a can of 'OFF' around. We have only 15 species of mosquitoes here.

"Timberline is about 3,000 feet in the Park. The forest consists of white and black spruce, with aspen, balsam poplar and paper birch here and there. Different willows, dwarf birch and blueberries seem to occupy the rest of the wet tundra areas. There is quite a crop of blueberries here in the fall, and people and animals alike enjoy consuming them.

"If you see any of the old Juniors, tell them hello."

—Blythe and Dick

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DENVER GROUP NOTES

Sophia M. Tranas

The banks of the Conejos River in the San Juans were the camping area for the July Fourth weekenders led by Helen Stiles, Ernie and Betty Mayer, and Frieda Uebele. They saw a bear at Bear Lake, a herd of elk on Conejos Peak and a weasel at Cumbres Pass. Hikes of varying degrees of difficulty and a motor trip over Cumbres Pass made it possible for everyone to choose an activity to his liking. Pleasant weather conditions, excellent food, and the friendly campfires all added up to a wonderful weekend of fun.

The first CMC trip to the Lake Charles area was led by Melba Small and Pat Yingst in August. Sunbathing, dips in the lake, hiking and fishing were the activities on this beautiful trip.

Beautiful Lake Isabelle via Brainard Lake was a well attended trip led by Jean Elliott. Those who hiked beyond Lake Isabelle to Isabelle Glacier were thrilled by the beauty of it.

The Election Year Special, Republican Mountain (U.S.G.S. Democrat Quad), was climbed by Father Eric Veal and party among old mines, mills and mine roads.

Eleven persons climbed Longs Peak along the standard route with Myra Slusser.

Henry Elsen and Noah Springs were the co-leaders on the climb of Glacier Mountain, the upper part of which is fairly steep and rough. Two picturesque place names in this area are the ghost

town of Saint John and the tumbled-down ruins of the Wild Irishman's Mine.

Warren Tanner's group climbing Mt. Audubon ran into snow flurries driven by winds up to 70 miles per hour, so no one stayed on top for long.

Chan Boettcher provided proof of hidden treasure to those who went with him along the Handcart Gulch road to Webster Pass. Yes, everyone returned with gold coins and hunks of crystal, but no one was successful in discovering the fabled treasure buried in this area years ago by a stagecoach robber.

The beautiful and interesting Marble area was the site of the weekend trip led by Truman Young and Pat Yingst.

Mary Corson and Dick Bostwick's party found Balance Rock very much worthwhile and Pulpit Rock dandy for rock scramblers.

Ed Lewandowski led a group along the old Grizzly Pass road to the top of Grizzly Pass, which road was used during the sixties and seventies by prospectors and miners traveling from Georgetown to Montezuma, Leadville and beyond.

An even thirteen climbed Kelso Mountain with Virginia Nolan, who says this is a good area any time of the year and affords opportunities for any class trip desired.

The Ely Hill, or Twin Points country, is amazingly unspoiled and "un-beer-canish" for being so close to Denver and was an easy Class I trip for Evelyn Smurr's hike.

The Rock Section enjoyed a good climb of Taj Mahal in the Devils Head area. There were twelve men in the group, with Lee Harrell, Ron Foreman, Jack Laughlin and Dick Slusser as leaders.

Mary Fehrman reported a word of caution in her remarks on the Burning Bear Creek hike: "The only danger was due to bears! Only one person had a bear knife, and we had to travel bunched up through the thick trees for safety's sake! Fortunately, none were observed by the group." (??????)

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Mt. Cutler and St. Peters Dome, both very easy hikes, offer good views of the plains and St. Marys Falls. Doris Chapin, leader, reported that the stairway near the top of St. Peters Dome has been removed, making it almost impossible for Class I hikers to reach the top, but affording nice rock scrambling for the beginning technical climbers.

Erika Schramm led a party of 20 persons to Shelf Lake, an easy hike most of the way to the lake, which has an elevation of 12,000 feet.

Phyllis Sheppard and party learned first hand on the Caribou and Klondike trip why Caribou is known as "the town where the winds were born." Nevertheless, this trip is always interesting, with all the rich historical past of the mining activity and the peaceful little cemetery.

Milton Camps was the host, and Neil Wernette and Bill Arnold of the Pikes Peak Group his assistants on the Pueblo Area Historical Trip. The group toured the Colorado Fuel and Iron plant, visited the Colorado State Museum and hiked two miles in the foothills of the Wet Mountains. Many thanks to Milton for a wonderful weekend.

Five technical climbers had a good workout on Chimney Peak and climbed Coxcomb Peak with Wally Joura and Jimmie Dyer. Their six-mile backpack landed them on a jeep road which came from another direction.

A fine exposition and demonstration of the geology of the Big Thompson area was presented by Robert Ellingwood and Florian Cajori. Several stops were made between Loveland and Estes and Lyons to examine the outcroppings.

Deep new snow on the trail made the Chasm Lake trip led by Gus Hallum tiring, but the 29 hikers had a beautiful day—no wind and temperature 55°.

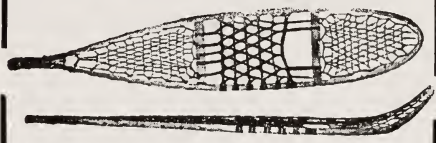
The late fall Sundays were lovely in Colorado this year, making it possible for Ella Jane Settles to lead a pleasant climb up Prospect Mountain; Truman Young, an easy hike up McGregor Mountain; Eva Hakala, a leisurely hike to the beautiful Dream and Emerald Lakes; Lee Bradley to Gem Lake; and Gwen Beiler up Thunder Mountain.

One of the most unusual excursions of the year was Edith Bryan's to the Tarryalls to see the bighorn sheep and the Crisler Ranch. Although no sheep were seen, the Crislers described their experiences with them, which is an unforgettable experience when you are reminded that Mr. Crisler has photographed animal life for Walt Disney, and Mrs. Crisler is the author of "Alaska Wild." Among their very interesting activities is the raising and caring for a half dozen Alaskan wolves. The group was able to see them from a distance only, as the large number of people frightened them (and here we thought they would scare us away!). Thanks to the Crislers for their gracious hospitality.

The annual CMC Dinner was an outstanding affair, as always. Edith Bryan provided the entertainment with her exciting pictures and narration of her recent trip to Africa, and Trudy Pierce's table decorations with the map of Africa outlining Edith's itinerary graced the tables with the appropriate atmosphere.

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Along the Trail

Jottings from the Banquet Cloths

After spending all day at the Albany Hotel preparing and arranging the decorations, **Trudy Pierce** dashed out to her car intent on rushing home to change into her glamour duds and found—a flat tire; the blow was so shattering Trudy never got back to hear all the compliments about her centerpieces . . . sure seemed like more than 207 people there, didn't it? . . . Overheard **Gale Kehmeier** and **Ken Elvers** discussing the intricacies of easing a plane into and out of Aspen's airport. . . . **Marjorie Shepherd** was singing the praises of her new nature books from Sweden, even though she doesn't read Swedish; seems the Latin names are the same in all languages.

Myra, Dick, Tania, and Chris Slusser are hand-crafting a truck camper to beat the high cost of weekend skiing. . . . at last it's safe to visit the **Colemans (Rachel and Gus)** and the **Baileys (Genevieve and Rusty)**—they've got their lawns in. . . . **Fred Barton's** new home features an HO scale model railroad in the basement. . . . President-elect **Jack Kennedy** and **Irving Lipson** have something in common—they're both from Boston; hasn't changed Irving one iota—he's still the same modest, self-effacing fella. . . . if the afore-mentioned Jack raises the price of gold, **Lisl Day** will be the cynosure of the Internal Revenue Service's eyes—her hobby is buying up gold mining claims for the back taxes. . . . **Elsa Rockelein** and **Dorothy Walker** should have returned by now from their three-weeks' Thanksgiving jaunt to Mexico—approach their wassail bowls

with caution. . . . our man-in-the-grey-flannel-suit, **Jack McLane**, finds that more pressing affairs forbid his continuing as **T&T's** advertising manager—Jack's been at it for six and a half years—anyone for huckstering?

Congratulation and Best Wishes

To **Patricia** and **Jim McIntosh** on the birth of their first-born, **Alexander James**, on September 12. . . . to **Robert Jones** recently wed to **Jane Seeger**—they're living in Broomfield. . . . to **Horace Van Valkenburgh III** who was married to **Genie Harms Bliss** of Columbine Ranch, Estes Park, on October 7 at Midland, Texas. . . . to **Charles Christiansen** wedded to **Ann Cole**—he teaches at Air Force Academy High School. . . . and to **Kent Simmons** celebrating his first birthday, January 1, with his parents, **Bob and Robin**. Last year he joined his sister **Gail** as the second adopted child in the family.

Scree and Talus

Ray Messing spent the first 18 years of his life in hospitals with his legs in casts—now what were you saying about your feet hurting? . . . an inveterate snowshoer, **Don Boynton**, essayed skiing for the first time last month—Don's capsule criticism, "Ugh!" . . . **Hans Wiessmeier**, disgusted with the poor quality of November's snow, abandoned his skis (temporarily, we assume) for a garbage can lid—metallic or plastic, Hans? . . . **Roger Huffman** has a new multipower telescope—you stars in the vicinity of Cheesman Park better remember to draw your shades. . . . **Anitta Narzissenfeld's** new crazy ski hat has the lift lines goggle-eyed—who's your milliner, Anitta? . . . if you were on a Denver Group overnight this past season you are in debt to **Mary Louise Helmreich** and her able assistants who issued the camping equipment for all those weekends—and got most of it back, too! . . . wouldn't **Truman Young** be a perfect Santa—if he'd bleach that beard?—un quel beaver (Fr.). . . . **Mary Fehrman** can't wait for the first snowshoe trip so she can try out a new idea in instant food—sign up early and avoid the rush. . . . P.S. to **Virginia**



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I need two people to manage two new GERRY stores for the next summer season. If you know your equipment and can sell in a pleasant low pressure way, send me your personal particulars and experience. I also have a small investment opportunity open.

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Nolan's Teton story in this issue; she and Joe Merhar joined a Chicago Mountaineers group the following weekend and made the top. The wind was still blowing!

Nature Lovers' Corner

The sixth edition of M. Walter Pesman's **Meet The Natives**, the plant lovers' guide to Rocky Mountain wildflowers, trees and shrubs, has just been announced. Pikes Peak Group member, **Ruth Ashton Nelson**, author of **Plants Of Rocky Mountain National Park**, says of it, "The fact that it is the only illustrated, nontechnical work available covering the conspicuous plants of the Central Rockies makes this book very valuable."

—Leo Davey

THE APOLLONIAN WHALE

Millicent Travis Lane

*From sounding the black valleys turns
And thrashes up the bony hills,
The Apollonian whale
Breaks water at the peak's crest.
Glaciers streak his mottled sides.
He spouts white music; gusts of wind
Roll round him in the swarming sea.
Rose-quartz, white feldspar, glittering pines
Break over flukes, frost flanks.
He lolls among the waves of light
And tosses mountains under him.
He swallows sun—great gulps—then turns,
Ups tail against the eagles' nest,
Thwacks down and splashes warriors out,
—His marks strike sky—straight down
His bright back dives into the dark.
He feeds; a giant grubbing black,
He noses green from the black floor.
The cattle crouch in the night groves
And peer at his white gустiness.*

Reprinted by permission of the author from "The Five Poets," published by Cornell University.

The Denver Group's Photo Section invites CMC members to the regular meetings at the AAUW auditorium on the second Thursday of each month. Subject Dec. 8: Color Photography at night. Next meeting, Jan. 12.

STATE BOARD MEETING

October 14, 1960

The regular meeting of the Board of Directors was called to order by the president, Lester Michel. He introduced the two new group chairmen, Russell Palmer of Fort Collins and Phil Settles of the Denver Juniors.

Melba Small reported the purchase of a new addressograph machine and 500 new registers. Rocky Mountain National Park has taken 25 new tubes, and tubes and registers are being placed on summits by CMC members. Membership figures were given and new members accepted.

Miss Kennon reported on new books and bulletins and also on the work of Florian Cajori and Doris Chapin of the library committee in rebinding valuable books.

The subject of using the addressograph and plates for mailings other than club purposes was brought up. A rule passed several years ago stated that the plates and machine were to be used for Club business only, and after discussion this policy was reaffirmed.

The Black-and-White Exhibit shown in Denver on September 15 will be shown in Colorado Springs, Fort Collins and Boulder, then is wanted by the Denver Public Library for display.

Florian Cajori reported that both 1961 outing areas had been scouted this last summer, the Wind Rivers by Jack Reed and Mount Zirkel area by Elwyn Arps.

There were also reports on the Lindsey plaque, **Trail and Timberline**, and all the state groups.

A motion was made that a letter be sent to Edward Mason, supervisor of the White River National Forest, commending his stand concerning "tote-gotes," and letters to the other National Forest supervisors in the state on the same subject.

—J.P.W.

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PIKES PEAK DOINGS

Katy Wilson

Sept. 3-5—Bruce Sommers was the leader for the Labor Day weekend trip in which Sunshine and Redcloud were climbed on Sept. 4, and Handies on Sept. 5. The weather was excellent, and the trip was considered a success by all participating.

Sept. 17-18—Democrat, Lincoln and Bross were climbed under the leadership of Kay Hodgson. All but five members of the party climbed all three peaks, and followed the route which is suggested in Bob Ormes' **Guidebook**. A marten was seen on the ridge and also many colorful aspens in the upper part of Buckskin Gulch.

Sept. 25—Mary Shirer led a large group on a fall coloring trip along the Spruce Camp Trail in the Tarryall Mountains. The aspens were at the height of their beauty, and the huge craggy rocks with their pink tinge were spectacular.

Oct. 2—A group under the leadership of George Kubricht climbed Devils Head. They appreciated the perfect weather, goodly amount of fall coloring, and, of course, the seemingly endless vistas from the top. Many of the hikers enjoyed climbing up the stairs to the rocks and going inside the fire lookout house. This seems to be a popular fall trip, as many other hikers were seen, mostly from Denver.

Oct. 9—A large number of CMC'ers turned out for George Wilson's trip to Jones Park, always a beautiful fall hike. The group enjoyed the views of the Cheyenne Canyon area and also the stream with the aspen leaves floating in it.

Oct. 23—A number of hikers braved the hunting season to climb Blue Mountain, near Lake George. Dorothy Mierow and Katy Wilson were the scheduled leaders, but they inadvertently ended up on the wrong summit. They decided that Mary Shirer should be the official leader for this trip, as her group had arrived at the true summit from the saddle and found the mine of Amazonite rocks, which gives Blue Mountain its name. Regardless of which summit the hikers arrived on, a glorious view of the snow-covered Collegiate Peaks could

be seen, and also the Sangre de Cristo Range. And, of course, the "rock hounds" had a field day!

Oct. 30—Carl Pointer led a group to the summit of Cookstove Mountain, via Buffalo Canyon. It was a bright, sunny day, but the going was rough due to the recent snowfall. However, the top was reached, and spectacular views were encountered.

Nov. 5—The annual dinner of the Pikes Peak Group was held in the Garden Room of Ruth's Oven. A fine crowd turned out to enjoy delicious fried chicken, much camaraderie and concluded with a series of colored slides and a talk by Rod Cameron, a Scotsman who has climbed extensively in the mountains of Greenland. Reports of the year's activities and financial standing were given, the Denver visitors were introduced, and new council members elected for the following year. Elected by ballot were Lee Lyon, Jessica Warner and John Bennett. All members and guests who attended the dinner felt it was a very entertaining and informative evening. Also, Hugh Kingery promised to print Katy Wilson's **T&T** notes when they are sent in!

Nov. 6—Anna Klingler led a group on a pleasant hike through the Garden of the Gods. The weather was excellent, and many good views of the area around the Gateway Rocks were observed.

A climb of Camerons Cone had been postponed to the same day. Since Ray Phillips had planned to stay over from the dinner for this hike, he was made the leader of it, and the climb was made with a small group. They climbed from the Pawnee Trail in Manitou. Toward the top they got into much snow and did not reach the summit until 2:20 p.m. Those at the dinner will recall the "blank" report which outing chairman, Bruce Sommers, used to describe the absence of an adequate report of a trip. This was only a margin of paper, with the entire center cut out. Since Camerons Cone was a "cancelled" trip, this report was turned in on the same type of paper—only the margin existed!



PHOTO BY ERIKA SCHRAMM

WISE USE

There is an oft-repeated maxim, used by many professional conservationists, that "conservation means wise use." This statement is general enough to hold some truth and, as a slogan, has surely done a lot for our cause. However, it is open to very wide, and often very false interpretations, and has even been used as a catch-phrase by those opposed to sincere conservation efforts.

Perhaps this is due mainly to the interpretation that "wise use" means "wise economic use." Indeed, most of the multiple uses talked about are nothing other than various economic uses, and resources which don't produce revenue are generally declared "useless." There are those who believe that virgin timber is wasted timber, and roadless areas are useless areas.

We think, therefore, that the term "wise use" should be employed carefully, and with more regard for uses not purely economic. Otherwise, we may lose sight of the ideal that the highest use of our land and water is as a source of spiritual refreshment and enlightenment, not as means to further financial and industrial growth. The goal of an advanced and cultured civilization, one that has passed the barbarian stage, is not merely to keep alive, not to sur-

round itself with physical comfort, but to grow in its appreciation of spiritual values. And to do this is to insure the happiness of its people.

It is this latter perspective that should govern conservation policies and practices. When viewed from this point, it is realized that hawks should be protected, not only because they are economically beneficial to the farmer, but chiefly because there is intrinsic worth in the sight of a peregrine on a lonely seacoast, or in the wild cry of a red-tail over a mountainside.

Similarly, the bounty system is ridiculous, not only because it wastes millions of ill-directed dollars, but largely because a mountain with bobcats is immeasurably better than one without them.

Likewise, our water resources should be kept free from pollution, not only because it means better fishing or more swimming and boating areas, but principally because there is something about a clear mountain stream that fulfills a definite need in a world already too crowded with thousands of square miles of steel and cement.

—Maryland Conservationist

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